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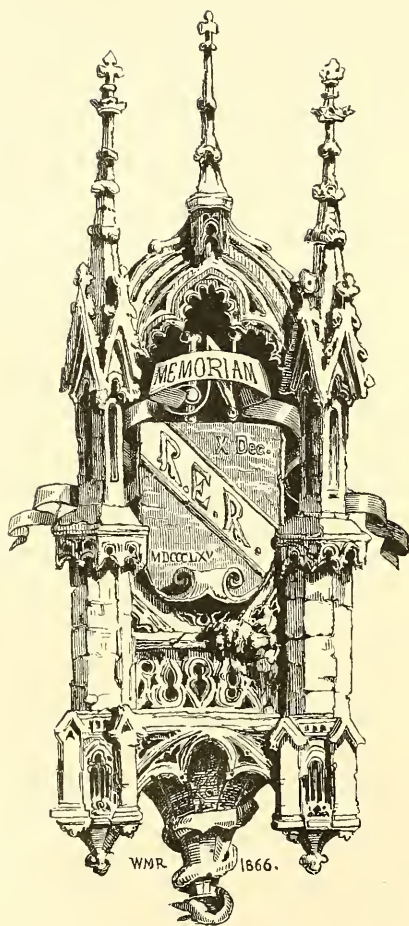
Gustavus A. Myers Esq

Richmond Va

With the sincerest & unfeigned regard
of his old friend

The Author

10th Decr 1866



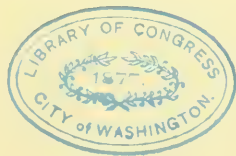
IN MEMORIAM.

ROBERT EMMETT ROBINSON, M. D.

Dr. R. M. Robinson

“ — hei! misero frater adempte mihi!”

CATULLUS. CARMEN LXVIII.



NEW YORK:

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

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“At night, like perfumes that have slept
All day within the wild-flower’s heart,
Steal out the thoughts the soul has kept
In silence and apart:
And voices we have pined to hear,
Through many a long and lonely day,
Come back upon the dreaming ear,
From Grave-lands far away.”

T. K. HERVEY.

P R E F A C E.

THE object of this unpretending little volume, commemorative of the saddest event of its Author's life-time, will be too apparent to every candid and generous mind to require either explanation or apology. Yet it may not be amiss to state that it is intended to be given away, not sold. It has been printed solely with a view to facilitate an exclusively private circulation among the relatives, friends, and such of the intimate acquaintances of the deceased as we feel assured will accord a ready and warm welcome to even so imperfect a memorial as it is, of one who was so eminently worthy of the various degrees of affec-

tion, admiration, and regard which he inspired in the hearts of all those whom the ties of blood, choice, or chance brought within the sphere of his attractive influence and liberal hospitality.

W. M. R.

NEW YORK, *September*, 1866.

POSTSCRIPT.

I MUST here take occasion to make one more statement, which I consider especially due to her who occupied the nearest and dearest relation in life to the deceased, and who, in virtue of such position, has claimed the exclusive privilege of sustaining the only portion of our joint undertaking which could, in any way, be deemed onerous. I allude to the cost of carrying out her own design. The idea of printing this little collection of poems in its present form originated with her, and it was entirely owing to her urgent solicitation, backed by the persistent advocacy of other near relatives and friends, that I finally yielded a reluctant assent to a proposition involving such unequal allotments. I make this avowal in justice to each of us, as

I could not consent to appropriate seemingly to myself, by the remotest possible implication, a larger share in this tribute to the living and the dead than strictly appertains to me.

In regard to the "semioboli" of my own contributions, mere "farthings in the currency of art," I cannot resist the temptation to quote the appropriate and happily-expressed sentiment contained in the quatrain with which the author of "*Lyrical Recreations*"* concludes his introductory lines to that charming volume of poems :

"Such coins a kingly effigy still wear—

Let metals base or precious in them mix—

The painted vellum hallows not the prayer,

Nor ivory nor gold the crucifix."

* By Samuel Ward, Esq. (New York and London: D. Appleton & Co. Boston: Roberts Brothers, 1865.)

OBITUARY.

O B I T U A R Y .

"DIED, on Sunday evening, the 10th of December, 1865, in the city of New York, whither he had gone several weeks previously,* with a hope, though faint, that he might there derive medical benefit, **Robert Emmett Robinson, M. D.**, a native and resident of Petersburg, Virginia, in the fifty-sixth year of his age, leaving an affectionate wife and son and daughter to lament their irreparable loss."

The writer of the above simple notice, having intimately known the deceased from his boyhood upward, could here

* Should have been "months" instead of "weeks." He reached New York on the 31st of August, in the afternoon.

add much in the way of truthful testimony to the manifold sterling qualities, of both head and heart, which endeared him so eminently to a large circle of both relatives and friends; but he is averse, in general, to long newspaper obituary articles. Nor is it at all necessary, on this present occasion, since he is permitted to use here the beautiful and touching tribute to his memory, with which the Rev. Mr. Cosby closed the funeral services at St. Paul's Church, on Saturday morning December 16, previous to the remains being conveyed to Blandford, there to be laid in the old churchyard, beside those of his revered parents, and other loved ones who had gone before.

The Reverend gentleman remarked: "Death has again invaded our community, and cast its black shadow across another threshold. Another family is overwhelmed in grief, and now, to-day, we come to bury ROBERT EMMETT ROBINSON, the friend, the brother, the husband, the father, the lover of music and poetry, whose easy elegance lent a charm to the social circle, and whose genial spirit secured the love of many friends. We bury his body in the old Blandford graveyard, and we write his name in the history of Petersburg, feeling assured that in the hearts of many here his memory will be most affectionately cherished.

“As but yesterday I sat in his vacant study, amidst his books and music and paintings, surrounded by his weeping family, and as I listened to the utterances of their artless and untutored grief, I felt that one who could win so much love from those who knew him best, must have many warm personal friends, and the respect of the world. The son of a patriot, whose birthplace was the land of Robert Emmett and Edmund Burke, he was endowed with many of the characteristics of this singular and often highly-gifted people. Emotional and generous, strong in his attachments, sympathetic in his feelings, he was at once the honored and loved head of his family, and the pride and admiration of his friends.

“He passed through many and various changes of spiritual life, but amidst them all his family entertain the firm belief that he never lost his self-respect and reverence for the religion of his mother—and that, as he approached his death, he clung with a clearer and more settled faith to the Saviour of sinners. Thus they do not sorrow as those without hope; and I rejoice for their sakes that they indulge the humble belief that on the last great day, when God, who knows the heart, and not weak man, shall be the judge, husband and wife, father and daughter, shall meet in a fairer and happier land, where music shall

be without discord, and poetry without passion—where talent shall exercise itself upon a nobler and higher theatre, and where genius shall always ally itself with divinity.”

TO MY BOOK.

T O M Y B O O K .

“Go to the friends he loved of yore,
And bear these simple lines from me,
Which I have writ beyond the sea!
Thou wilt be welcome—nay, even more—
For one dear name thy pages store
Will make *thyself* A MEMORY!”

I.

BOOK of my soul! 'tis not in quest of praise
That now I send thee from my solitude,
Where oft the voiceless record of thy lays
Hath lured my spirit from its darker mood,
And taught mine eyes in tenderness to gaze
Upon a sorrow scarce yet understood;

II.

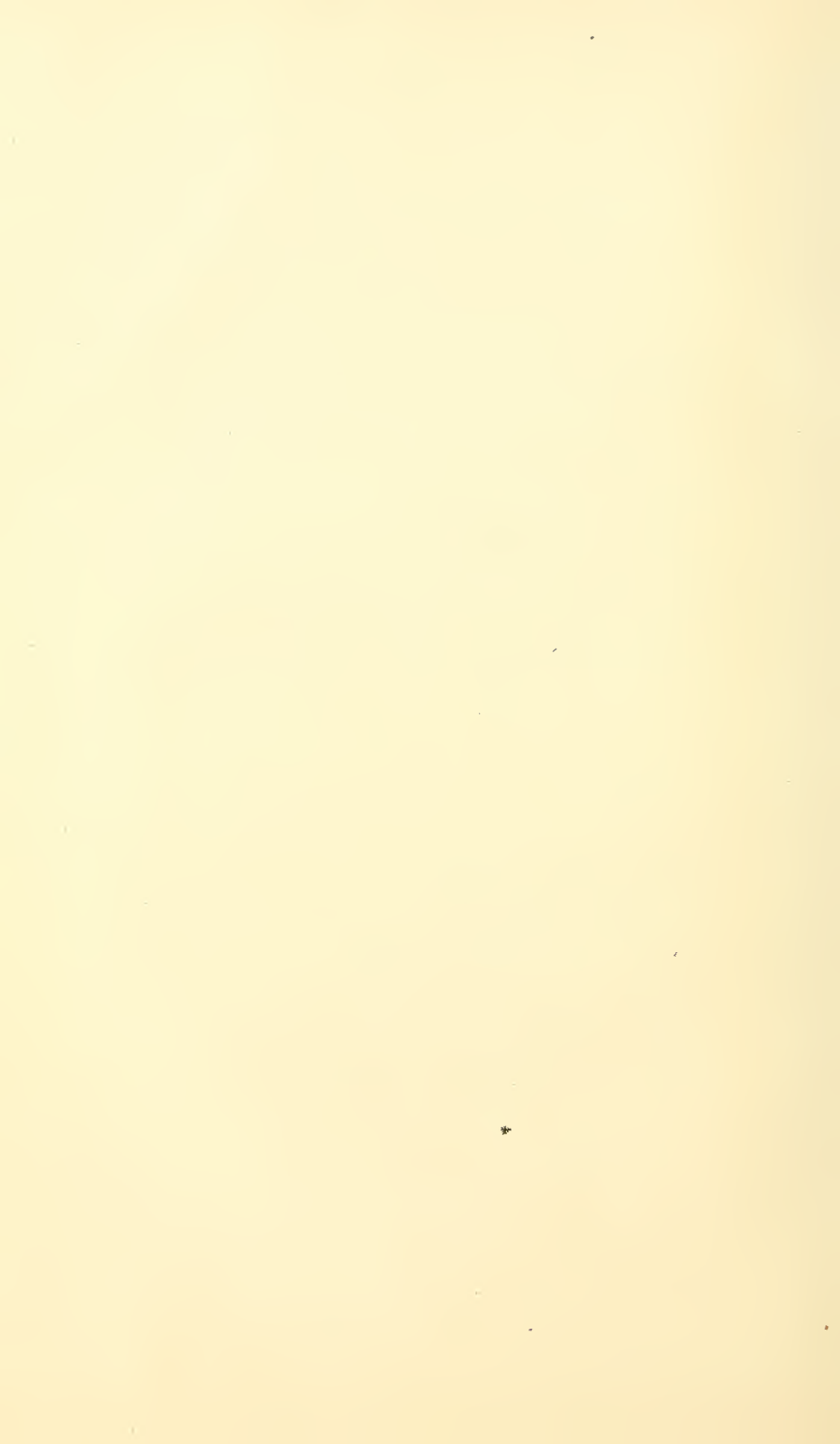
But in the hope that thou may'st do the same
For others, when they dwell upon the page
Inscribed to ONE who might have earned a name,
Had mortal blight not marred his ripening age,
And snatched from earth, perchance, as fair a fame
As e'er was writ by poet or by sage.

III.

Ere long thou wilt attain the hallowed shrine
By Love and Friendship reared in that far land
Which once was his, and still is claimed as mine;
There many wait, with eager heart and hand,
To clasp and cherish each memorial line
Which, but for him, scant welcome might command.

IV.

So be it—while there throbs a single heart
To treasure up, as misers hoard their gold,
His loved remembrance—but when such depart,
And unto colder ears thy tale is told,
May Heaven deny thee not the simple art
To keep his name undimmed by dust or mould.



I.

‘ But thou and I have shaken hands
’Till growing winters lay me low ;
My paths are in the fields I know,
And thine in undiscovered lands.”

TENNYSON.

AT LAST.

“Heu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse!”

I.

AT last it hath found us!—that arrow of fate,
Which only could wound us so sorely through
thee,

How long we have looked for it! early and late,

Yet it came not too soon for the soul it set free.

When we counted the years of thy martyr-like
pain,

And thy patience, so calm in the depths of its
woe,

We were willing the bitterest chalice to drain
To the dregs, if to thee it remitted one throe.
In the lees that are left us some solace remains,
When we think 'twas *our* treasure, not *thine*, that
was lost,
And at times the high soul of devotion disdains
To reckon the price which thy freedom hath cost.

II.

Time passes, but brings us no more to remember—
The future was given to thee as the past,
When here—in this empty and desolate chamber
Thy record was finished—ah! was it the last?
Forbid it, O God of the quick and the dead!
By the grief of to-day—by the fear of to-morrow—
By the halo of hope which thy mercy hath shed
O'er the darkest despair in its midnight of sorrow;

By the anguish to think that the love we so treasured, '—

So longed for—so lived for—was lavished in vain,
And that every thing dear is by life only measured,
To mock us at last with a measureless pain!

III.

How fondly we gazed on his face, as he lay,
Death-crownèd and pale as the flowers on his
breast,
And tenderly turning the long hair away,
Kissed the beautiful brow of our dearest and
best!

Oh! painless release! truly blessèd relief!
By Heaven bestowed in the hour of his need,
With naught to regret save the thought of the grief
Such a parting, he knew, to the living decreed.

And should we not mourn for so tender a heart—

So high, so devoted, so true and so tried?

Of our being his love was the loveliest part,

And the light of existence seemed quenched when
he died.

IV.

We know that the beauty of God's shining world

Still weareth the hues that it ever hath worn,

Its sunsets no banners of splendor have furled,

And its pageants yet pass through the portals
of morn;

Let Earth have her joys, be it ours in our grief

To wait and to watch by "The Dark River's"
shore,

Whence, silent and swift as some air-wafted leaf,

He floated away, to return never more.

Who knoweth the land of the shadow beyond,

Appalling alike to the good and the brave?

Yet we feel, as we gaze on each Death-riven bond,

This must be the desolate side of the Grave!

II.

OUR HOPE.

“When we at death must part,
How keen, how deep the pain !
But we will still be joined in heart
And hope to meet again.”

HY. XXVII., VRS. IV.

*January 11th, 1864.**

I.

MY faltering lips refuse to frame
For thee that bitter word, Farewell !
Nor dare essay to breathe a name

Which in my heart must ever dwell,
For 'tis not long since it became
To me the saddest funeral knell.

* Vid. Note.

II.

With thee life's music thou didst take,
The tuneless chords alone remain,
Which even the next light touch may break,
So cruel and so harsh the strain,
But naught on earth can ever wake
Their truest, tenderest tones again.

III.

Though Death and Darkness frown between
Thy happier lot, to-day, and mine,
We still are joined in heart, I ween,
And in my soul that hope of thine,
To meet again, glows like the sheen
Of sunset on a golden shrine.

III.

“**O**MBRA **A**DORATA!”

“Where is thy home, and whither art thou fled?”

PLEASURES OF HOPE.

“— ’Tis thy voice from the kingdom of souls

Faintly answering still ———.”

MOORE.

I.

REMEMBER! oh! when do I not remember!
From night till morn—from morn till even-
tide—

Alike in crowds and in my lonely chamber,

Forgetting all the world—ay—all beside

One wretched evening in the gray December,

When, swooning in these arms, he sank and died!

II.

Where is he now, since Earth no longer knoweth
The shadow of his form's commanding grace?
I ask the Stream that through the forest floweth—
It smileth only in its heedless race;
I ask the Wind that through the woodland bloweth—
It scattereth grass and leaves upon my face;

III.

I ask the summer Clouds above me sailing—
They cast their silent shadows at my feet;
I ask the Ocean—and a mournful wailing
My own far deeper plaint seems to repeat;
I ask the Night, her silver fringes trailing
O'er tree and shrub—I hear—my own heart beat.

IV.

I fain would cast the shreds of life behind me,
If thus a blessing could be fairly won,
And I were sure some future morn would find me
With him again—but lo! yon setting sun
Throws me a parting glance as to remind me,
And hints a hidden truth I may not shun.

V.

It seems to tell me that I am not keeping
A fruitless vigil o'er his hallowed rest,
And as I feel the gathering shadows creeping
Up from that tomb around me—it seems best;
And Hope awakens from her long, deep sleeping,
To strew with precious flowers my barren breast.

VI.

O Spirit-voice! that only hath existence,
Perchance, in mimic dreams of memory,
Like echo wafted from some dim blue distance,
Thou callest faintly from afar to me!
While Woe, that baffles Reason's weak resistance,
With tender tears alone can answer thee.

IV.

SUB ASTRIS.

‘Never, dear ———, love can be
Like the dear love I had for thee.’

L. E. L.

“The better days of life were ours;
The worst can be but mine.”

BYRON.

I.

PEACE to thy ashes! lost, lamented brother!
Whom I have loved so long, so passing
well—

Ah! how we two have clung unto each other

In life and death, but one is left to tell,

Since thou wast called to join our gentle mother,

No more again with us on earth to dwell.

II.

Trustful and true were we, from first to last,
Death sealed our mutual hope to meet again,
The only precious thing I have not cast
Into the depths when shipwrecked on the main;
That will I treasure till the storm be past,
Then gladly lay me down where thou hast lain.

III.

To millions a mere corse upon the shore,
A thing not fair to see, stretched on the strand
Where they are strolling careless,—nothing more—
Not so to thee and that enfranchised band,
Who in worth's precedence have gone before,
And found, I trust, a higher, happier land.

IV.

Brother! I would not, if I could, forget

The light that with thee vanished from my life—

In many a dream 'twill be remembered yet,

Despite the desperate struggle and the strife

And all the wretched evils that beset

My weary days, with toil and trouble rife.

V.

I must remember while I still remain,

Reluctant, since thou couldst no longer stay,

Where all things, once familiar to us twain,

Pulsate the thought of thee, now passed away;

As many an orb in yonder glimmering train

Reflects pale glimpses of the distant day.

VI.

Now, while I view those clustered gems of light
 Dotting the veiled bosom of the dark,
They seem to symbol, to the inner sight,
 A truth our grosser vision fails to mark;
As Day still triumphs o'er the deepest Night—
 Thus over Death the earth-lost vital spark.

VII.

It must be so—that sign of better cheer
 Was never sent our yearnings to deride;
I need no more to banish doubt and fear,—
 For what is left me now to lose, beside
The beggared life that laid upon thy bier
 Its all of joy—of hope—of human pride?

V.

THOUGHTS.*

Ye voices that arose
After the evening's close,
And whispered to my restless heart repose!
Go breathe it in the ear
Of all who doubt and fear,
And say to them, "Be of good cheer!"

LONGFELLOW.

I.

AFTER life's baffled dreams
Something remains to us yet,
Else why these mysterious gleams

The spirit can never forget,
That flush on our musings, by night and by day,
One ever-recurring, unquenchable ray?—

* Vid. Note.

II.

A ray from some fountain of light
Afar in the Future that lies.
Beyond the dim barriers of Night
That compass Mortality's skies;
And we see by its glimmer our pathway of gloom
Leading onward and upward beyond the pale tomb.

III.

Oh! what would the things of this Earth—
All the pleasures and triumphs of yore,
Of the present, or future—be worth,
If the brightest and best were no more
Than to live and to love, and to lose and to die,
'Neath the smile of a placid and pitiless sky?

IV.

Oh ! never for this have we basked
So long in the noontide of love !
The life that was lavished, unasked,
Hath only been lifted above ;
No link can be dropped from our heart-woven
chain
That will not be gathered and garnered again.

V.

Faith, like the Dove of the Ark,
Springs forth from humanity's breast,
Cleaving the void of the Dark
In search of the place of her rest.
Ah ! think you she leans on no pinion of might,
And must perish at last in her perilous flight ?

VI.

Though Reason may fail to descry
The pathway she follows afar,
The instinct that comes from on high
Guides truly the soul as the star;
And the Spirit whose journey begins at the grave,
Returns only home to restore what He gave.

VI.

OUT OF THE WORLD.

“And our sorrow may cease to repine
When we know that thy God is with thee.”

BYRON.

I.

OUT of the world at last !
Escaped from all sorrow and pain,
Joined to the Dream of the Past !

We may weep, but we should not com-
plain ;

Our grievous loss was thy infinite gain,
And we know that we cannot have loved thee in
vain.

II.

For there's ever a feeling within,
That wafts us beyond and above
The sphere of our sorrow and sin,
And the tomb of our buried love;
And blest is the faith in a Power to save
What reason so feebly resigns at the grave.

III.

We may weep o'er thy vacant place,
In the silence of chamber and hall,
At the sight of thy life-pictured face
That hangs on our desolate wall;
But we feel in our sadness we should not complain,
For soon we must follow and find thee again.

IV.

Out of a world of woe !

Unspotted and free from its stain,

Pure as untarnished snow,

Thy spirit shall ever remain ;

And sweet as the flowers that bloom o'er thy head

Are the hopes that illumine the tears that we shed.

VII.

DEAD!

“Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Shall never come back to me.”

LONGFELLOW.

I.

DEAD! dead! dead!
The tiniest spear of grass,
That scarce can rear its tremulous head,
Hath more of life, alas!
Than he who was, but yesterday,
So loving—so true—so brave,

Ere the martyred spirit ebb'd away,
And the yellow sand and the dull red clay
Were hollowed out for his grave.

11.

Dead! in sooth 'tis a common word—
Familiar enough to the ear,
Except when whispered and wildly heard
Of some one near and dear;
For the world hath but little leisure to waste
On a grief not all its own,
And rarely will turn in tender haste
From the trodden path which its schemes have
traced,
For a brother's wayside moan.

III.

Dead ! dead !—oh ! what doth it mean !

An absence some must deplore ;

A shadow less than we have seen

Falling athwart the floor ;

A vacant place—a blank forever !

A pulse now cold and still,

A soul returned to the hand of its Giver !

A perished loveliness that never

Again our hearts shall fill.

IV.

Dead ! and lying in silence—alone !

And earth so busy and free !

The rivulet laughs at the laggard stone

As it straggles down to the sea ;

The joyous bird carols loud in the brake,
From under his leafy shield;
The wild-fowl circles above the lake,
The golden bees their harvest make,
And swallows skim the field.

v.

Dead! dead! dead!
Oh! pardon the sad refrain,
For still we seem to sit by the bed
Where he languished so long in his pain;
And the lapsing thought is lost in a trance
Where nothing of life doth remain
But a glimmering sense of a dire mischance
And the pallid gleam of a parting glance
That said, "We shall meet again!"

VI.

Oh! never, never more for him,
And ever for us in vain,
Shall daylight dawn and eve grow dim
On valley, hill, and plain;
Asleep in the shadows of endless night,
We fold our hands in a dream,
And tracing backward Time's lengthening flight
To the last that we saw of our vanished light,
Drift idly down the stream.



VIII.

“Farewell! if ever fondest prayer
For others’ weal availed on high,
Mine will not all be lost in air,
But waft thy name beyond the sky.”

BYRON.

FAREWELL!

“The all of thine that cannot die
Through dark and dread eternity,
Returns again to me,
And more thy buried love endears
Than aught, except its living years.”

BYRON.

I.

I COME to lay my last sad votive leaf
Upon the turf that hides thy lowly head,
And though I feel a lifetime were too brief
For all the tears a brother's love would shed,
I must return anon in silent grief,
To win from toil my bitter daily bread.

II.

How sweet it were, if shared with thee and thine !

It once was more when proffered by thy hand,
For well I knew how much thy heart was mine,
So oft it gently chid my slow demand ;
Thy spirit ever flowed like generous wine,
Flushed with the sunlight of our Southern land.

III.

Replete with all the graces that adorn—

The tender, warm affections that endear—
Thy presence, like the genial light of morn,
Ne'er failed the strong or weak to charm or
cheer ;
And many a cup of comfort thou hast borne
To homeless haunts of poverty and fear.

IV.

Thy pity was a pure and gushing spring
That watered many a withered wayside spot,
Causing the bloom of life again to fling
Its healthful hue o'er deserts long forgot,
Where want, despair, and sickness used to wring
Their pallid hands, and mourn their hopeless lot.

V.

Of worth known only to a favored few
Who love the light of Honor's open glance,
Among the truest thou wast deemed as true ;
And in the palmiest days of old romance,
To right a cause, where such defence were due,
No Cavalier e'er couched a readier lance.

VI.

Country and kindred claimed thy warmest love,
Which, like the flame of ancient altars, glowed
With holiest fire descended from above,
And in thy templed soul found its abode,
Fanned by the wings of that empyrean dove
Which broods, they say, hard by the throne of
God.

VII.

Sprung from a high-toned, patriotic race,
Thou wast indeed a gallant gentleman;
And on thy peerless form and glorious face,
A seal, the cavilling world might freely scan,
Was set by Nature, in her liberal grace
To one who might have led her proudest van.

VIII.

A very Paladin among thy band
Of brave compeers—their captain, friend, and
guide,
There was not one who, at thy high command,
Had feared in danger's darkest hour to ride,
Against the spoilers of our prostrate land,
Into the Maelström of the battle-tide.

IX.

And if thou wert *their* pride, no less were they
Thy constant boast;—I can recall the flash
Of thy prond glance, when I have heard thee say:
“They are the boys for discipline and dash!
Oh! how I long to lead them to the fray,
And hear their shout above the clang and crash!”

X.

All this and more—so oft, I sometimes smiled
At the recurrence of that favorite theme ;
Though oftener, by its eloquence beguiled,
Have felt my spirit glide into thy dream,
Noting its glowing pictures, as a child
In silence marks the ripples of a stream.

XI.

But it is done—thy days are ended here—
The tenderest hands have laid thy limbs to rest,
The truest tears have fallen upon thy bier,
The holiest rites thy cold remains have blest :
What can we more, but hold thy memory dear,
And strive to feel that even this is best?

XII.

Not unremembered in thy ruined home,
Widowed and fatherless, thy loved ones dwell;
Low-voiced regrets for thy too early doom,
From far and near, around their hearthstone
swell,
And temper with true sympathy the gloom
Which Time alone may lift, but ne'er dispel.

XIII.

FAREWELL! that saddest word I now can speak,
So late abjured by less familiar thought;
I know my loss, and yet I am not weak:
Thy death to me hath deeper knowledge brought—
A patient sense, if not a spirit meek,
For still I count such lesson dearly bought.

XIV.

But we are joined in heart now more than ever;

And though at times I stretch my hand in vain
To meet thy clasp, I feel Death cannot sever

The faithful and the true—there was no stain
Upon our perfect love, whose like I never
Can render or receive on earth again!

NOTES.

NOTES.

POEM I.

STANZA III., PAGE 25.

Oh ! painless release ! truly blessed relief !

I HAD an idea, at one time, of a brief memoir to accompany these pages ; but this passing thought was speedily abandoned as unnecessary. The quiet, monotonous routine of man's every-day life has, properly speaking, no history ; the most stirring portion of his was merged in the universal calamity that overwhelmed our ill-fated country on the failure of the Southern cause ;— the remainder would embrace little more than a harrowing detail of chronic anguish, sustained through many successive years with unparalleled patience and fortitude, which I naturally shrink from recapitulating here. His manifold and protracted sufferings are yet too fresh in the minds of those who loved him best. I have, therefore, barely alluded to them, and then only when the occasion seemed to render such reference almost unavoidable. But for the late war, which reared an impassable barrier of fire and steel between him and the only aid from which, had it been timely, he might have derived permanent benefit, I believe that he would still be among us. This, however, is one of those bitter reflections which, for the peace of our souls, we must endeavor to keep as far out of sight as possible. There is no remedy now, and we must seek for consolation where alone we may hope to find it. In reviewing the circumstances that attended his last hours, there is no small comfort to be gleaned from the assurance they afford, that his ultimate release from every

earthly affliction was serenely peaceful, and entirely devoid of all sense of pain. For some days previous, he, as well as ourselves, had looked for the final result as likely to occur at almost any moment; yet we little knew how near at hand it was. The summons was served so quietly, so quickly, and so surely, that, although in full possession of every mental faculty to the last instant of existence, I doubt if he had time enough to recognize the presence of the messenger ere the fatal errand was sped.

N. B.—Since writing the foregoing, as I have been questioned in regard to the possible misinterpretation that might attach to the words “the only aid from which, had it been timely, he might have derived permanent benefit,” I have only to say that nothing was or could be farther from my thoughts than the idea of the slightest reflection upon the highly-respected and able body of gentlemen comprised in the Medical Faculty, of which my father was, at one time, the honored president, and my brother a much-esteemed member. I am pleased, however, that my attention has been called to the passage thus early, as it gives me the opportunity, on the one hand, to protest against all personal application of a remark which I intended to be as general as possible, and, on the other, to pay a just though humble tribute to an eminent surgeon, who stands, by universal admission, at the head of his profession in this country, and has no superior in any other. I allude to Dr. J. M. Carnochan (a Southron by birth and feeling), who attended the deceased to the last moment, and whose services were accompanied by a truly fraternal kindness in the rendering, that, entitles him forever to the warmest and most grateful remembrance of every member of our family. We have also to acknowledge our further obligations to him for the introduction of his experienced and learned associate, Dr. Robert Nelson, who was equally assiduous in his attentions, when called in at a subsequent period of the case.

STANZA IV., PAGE 26.

To wait and to watch by the dark river's shore.

An allusion to a little allegory called “The Dark River,” which seemed to have made a deep and lasting impression upon his imagination and his feelings.

POEM II.

OUR HOPE—PAGE 31.

On the inner cover of his favorite Bible he had, in some sadder moment of fraternal retrospection, pasted our two little photographs, mine above his own, and connected them with tracings of leaves and flowers. Around the whole, encircling it, as it were, with the tenderest thought of his brotherly heart, the four lines of quotation were written, with the date appended, which gave occasion to the stanzas that immediately follow them.

POEM V.

THOUGHTS—PAGE 47.

This and the subsequent stanzas entitled "Out of the World," were originally written as one poem, which was afterward divided into two, for the purpose of preserving a more perfect unity in each. The former has been allowed a place here in consequence of the connection in which it was conceived, and to which alone, in all probability, it owes its very existence.

POEM VIII.

STANZA II., PAGE 68.

Thy spirit ever flowed like generous wine...

Whom shall we praise, if not those whom we love best, and who deserve all that we may have to say of them? But as what is written in the form of verse is apt to be attributed to fancy rather than to fact, and the known partiality of the eulogist, even when admitted to be perfectly natural and excusable, is often received as an offset to his judgment, as if, in the nature of things, these qualities must, of necessity, be inversely proportional; is it not well to forestall any such erroneous conclusions by an appeal to a few simple, incontrovertible facts? Not that I have the least apprehension that such errors could be indulged by, or have any weight with, any one of the original recipients to whom these pages will be presented as a token of our esteem and entire con-

fidence. But I am looking forward to a time which, though I trust it may be far remote, must sooner or later arrive, when these votive leaves, with all their holy memories and tender associations, will lapse from the careful hands that now hold them, and pass into those of others who, from want of accurate information, may adopt the ordinary fashion of the world's judgment in such cases. In the first place, then, let me say, simply for the truth's sake, that, after a calm and searching review of all that I have written concerning the deceased, I can conscientiously aver that I have failed to discover a single expression or word savoring of exaggeration. He was acknowledged by all who knew him, as *one* at least of the most elegant and accomplished men of his time. In earlier life, before the insidious disease which finally destroyed him had fastened upon his system and sapped its health, strength, and energy, he was signally expert in all those athletic sports and exercises which are now universally conceded to be most favorable to the development of vigor, endurance, and manly grace, as well as the still more important qualities of courage, self-possession, and prompt action in the hour of peril, which, indeed, seem to be the natural sequences of such early training. To those persons who have never given this species of cultivation the consideration due to it in connection with its solid and often brilliant results, these details may appear trivial and out of place; but a moment's investigation will redeem them from all such hasty disparagement, and place the system they illustrate on proper philosophical ground. A fine boxer, a complete master of the small-sword, a good shot at the target or in the field, and a perfect horseman, he was equally daring and skilful as a charioteer. A strong, bold swimmer in his better days, there were none of the modern imitators of the "venturous Leander" who would have discovered much to boast of in comparison with his prowess, which, on two memorable occasions in his youth, were crowned by the saving of human life. To all these rare and not merely physical advantages (so seldom found united in a single individual, and combined, as in his case, with a personal appearance that challenged admiration at sight), were superadded the liberal education of a gentleman and the finished training of a soldier. He was a thorough mathematician and an able engineer; well read in medical science, of which he bade fair to become a distinguished and leading practitioner (not unworthy to tread in paternal footsteps), had not his failing health interfered with the prosecution of his profession. At all events, such was the deliberate and often-expressed opinion of his father, who rarely erred in his impartial

judgment of men or things. He loved literature, to which most of his leisure was chiefly given—was passionately devoted to the arts, especially poetry, painting, and music, in the latter of which he attained a proficiency which left him but few rivals even among its acknowledged professors, and constituted him, of all the amateurs I ever knew, *facile princeps*.

Of his genial social qualities it would be needless to speak in a community where they were so well known and appreciated by individuals of all classes. No man ever loved country and kindred better—few so ardently as he did; and his fidelity in his friendships was never known to fail or falter in a single instance.

On the basis of such facts as the foregoing—known to many, but to none better than myself—I have founded this Memorial, which I shall leave with but one solitary regret: that I have been unable to do that justice to the subject which it was the holiest and most fervent desire of my heart to accomplish.

“*Reddite Cæsari quæ sunt Cæsaris.*”

STANZA VI., PAGE 70.

Fanned by the wings of that empyrean dove.

The dove is here used as the symbol of religion. The idea I desired to convey in this stanza is, that most of his feelings and tastes appeared to derive their warmest and purest glow from a higher source within, which imparted to his sense of “the beautiful and true,” in all things, more or less of a spiritual character.

His temperament was, beyond all question, a religious one, and for the faith of our mother he entertained the highest respect and veneration at all times. But it was during the term of his cadetship, at the Military Academy of West Point, that the original seed implanted in infancy by the tenderest maternity first gave evidence of germination. This result he attributed solely to the stirring eloquence of the Rev. Charles Petit McIlwaine, then chaplain of the post (subsequently Bishop of Ohio), of whom it was his custom, ever afterward, to speak in terms of unqualified admiration and grateful remembrance. These feelings remained with him from that time forward, and were fully developed long ere the arrival of that day in which, according to his views, he had most need of them. That they were assuredly a comfort and support to him in his last earthly trial, I have every reason to believe.

STANZA IX., PAGE 71.

They are the boys for discipline and dash.

Such were almost the identical words which he uttered on the occasion referred to, some slight alteration only in their arrangement having been required to accommodate them to the exigencies of rhyme and rhythm. I have heard him say on various occasions, and with unmistakable emphasis, that he never yet saw the troop that was equal to the one which he commanded, and I am satisfied that he spoke from the conviction of a judgment not to be impeached in military matters. But his wish "to lead them in a charge" was never gratified. When war broke out between the North and the South, being entirely unfitted by his extreme feebleness of health from all active service in the field at the head of his company, where he most desired to be found at such a time, he procured an appointment on the staff of Major-General Gwynn, then in command of the forces lying in Norfolk Harbor. The following is the order under which he reported to that accomplished officer, true soldier, and gentleman.

"HEADQUARTERS, MAJOR-GEN. COM. FORCES IN NORFOLK HARBOR, }
"NORFOLK, VA., April 22d, 1861. }

"R. E. ROBINSON, Esq., Petersburg, Va.,

"SIR:

"From special confidence and trust reposed in R. E. Robinson, he is hereby appointed in my Staff as aide-de-camp, with the rank of Colonel in the Army of Virginia, and is hereby required to report to me in person without delay.

"I am, very respectfully, yours, &c.,

[SIGNED]

"WALTER GWYNN,

"Major-Gen. Com. Forces in Norfolk Harbor."

STANZA XI., PAGE 72.

And strive to feel that even this is best.

In the closing days of his illness, after he had become satisfied that recovery was hopeless, he often said to us, in accents of the deepest commiseration, "You must all try to make the best of it." These simple words seem, even at this day, to be whispering in our ears like a voice from another world.

ERRATA.

Page 13, 2d paragraph, 3d line, instead of
self-respect, read *respect*.

“ 59, instead of *Longfellow*, read *Tenny-*
son.

“ 80, 10th line from bottom, instead of
were crowned, read *was crowned*.

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